

The Description of the CORONATION

Of His Sacred MAJESTY

K. JAMES II.

And His Most ILLUSTRIOUS CONSORT

Queen MARY.

Celebrated on the 23th Day of *April*, 1685.

With a Brief Account of the Famous

FIRE-WORKS,

Which were upon the *Thames*, *April* the 24th.

A P O E M.

MY Ravish'd *Muse* in such bright Mazes dance,
So Rapture-struck, and all dissolv'd in Trance,
That I her *Pensel* but in vain provoke,
To shadow out the *Visionary Streak*;
Since She, like *Angels*, that above the *Blest*,
Feels *Extasies* too high to be exprest.

A

Nor

Nor blame the *Muse* that would this *Subject* shun!
Poets & Linnors should not meddle with *Perfection*.
 All *common strokes* their stinted Art may draw,
 Whilst a Bright Vision keeps the Hand in aw.
 And if th'Original they don't Transcend,
 They only Libel, what they would commend.
 And who can add one little common Ray
 To the gay *Splendor* of this *Happy Day*?
 A *Day* that no *Hyperbole* can Grace;
 The only Paint that Beautifies a *POEMS* Face.
Hail Happy Day! A *Day* so long *Renown'd*
 For Holy *GEORGE*, and several *Monarchs* Crown'd!
 Tho' now thy former *Glories* disappear, [near;
 As twinkling *Stars*, when *Day's* bright *Gods* draw
 Yet greater *Honours* in their room are given,
 From *Earth's* ray *Calander*, thou art transcrib'd to that
 Long hast thou worn *red Characters* below, [of *Heav'n*.
 But now the *Gods* will keep thee Holy too.

Tho' the *Morn* was spread with *rebel show'rs* of rain
 Yet *Jove's* kind hand soon forc'd them back again //
 And now the *Sun* which long did *Mourning* wear,
 Does in his Noblest Gayest *Robes* appear.
 Whilst on *Heav'n's* brow no *Cloudy frowns* were seen,
 But as the *First-day*, Pleasant and Serene.
 The gazing *Gods* throw those dark *Screens* away,
 That they this *Sight* the *Clearer* might Survey.
 But if the *Sun* had layn a bed 'till now,
 Without his aid we'd seen the *Glorious Show*.
 The *Souls* of *Kings* and *Heroes* Bleft above,
 With *Choirs* of shining *Spirits* hither move;
 Mantled in *Rays* of *Light* ne'r seen 'till now,
 On wings of *Joy*, they hover to and fro,

Follow'd



Follow'd by *Chariots* so *Divinely bright* ;
 To which the *Sun* but *Darkness* is, and *Night*.
 Or had this fail'd, we might the *Prospect* take
 From the great *Splendor* which the *Court* did make.
 As when we would the *Richest Jewels* try,
 We need but their own *Light* to know them by.

Hark ! what soft *Aires* and *Raptures* fill the *Skies*,
 Perform'd by *Infinite Choirs of Deities* ?
 Whilst *Mortals* too, their rural *Musick* mix,
 And with their *Concord* the *Charm'd Planets* fix,

Now *Guardian-Angels* quit their wasted *Care*,
 And flie in *Troops* to *Guild* the *London Air*.
 Where *Aeolus* too in gentle *Breezes* hast ;
 Loaded with all the *Odours* of the *East*,
 The *Essence* of each *Fragrant Flower* He brings,
 And hovers o'er us with His *Balmey Wings*.

The *Gods* owe much to *Bounteous Nature* too,
 From whose *Rich Bosom* several *Treasures* flow.
 For had She *Awkward* been, They had been set
 To the *Expence* of greater *Wonders* yet.

But hold ! where does my forward *Pensel* run
 To end the *Day*, before 'tis scarce begun ?
 Early I rose this *Triumph* to attend,
 And saw the *Royal Pair* the *Boat* ascend,
 Whose *Sacred Presence* such *Devotion* strike,
Poets themselves want *Skill* to feign the like.
 By slow degrees on *Silver Thames* they road,
 She as a *Goddeßs*, He so like a *God*,
 That I with *Moses* wisht an *Interposing Cloud*.

}

Objects so Bright should put on a Disguise,
 Least the Adorers faint beneath the Rays.
 In the same Sphere two mighty *Suns* behold!

Each of which does contain a *Heav'nly* World.
 And did the *Persians* see this *Royal Pair*,

They'd slight their *God*, and pay their *Homage* here.
 He that has try'd to fix his daring Eyes

On that vast *Light* which Guilds the *Morning Skies*,
 Will find it yet more daz'ling to Survey

This *Pair of Suns*, this *double Deity*.

The rest o'th' *Court* I with more ease could view,

Yet they made more than *Humane Figures* too.

With *Radiant Jewels* being cover'd all o'er,

Half the *Worlds Wealth*, with its *Pride*, they bore.
Scarlet beneath the *Massy-Lace* was hid

With *Imag'ry*, o'er Splend'ed *Tissue* spread.

Here the *Fair Sexes* Art and Patience see,

Emblem'd in ev'ry *Rich Embroiderie*! [strove,
 Eight hideous Weeks, which most should Work, they

Neglecting all the while their *Health* and *Love*.

And the *green Girls* preparing for the Day,

Made themselves Pale, to make their *Lovers* gay.

On *THAMES* see numerous shining Vessels move,

Which dance like some transported *Orphean Grove*.

And like the *Spheres* their Artful measures take,

From the soft Musick their own motions make.

But when all did in one close Body meet,

They look'd like some new-built *Elisian-street* :

Or as if the highest *Heav'n* came down

Fraughted Gems for his dear *JAMES's* Crown,

An earnest of His brighter last *Eternal* one.

Blest *Thames*! hadst thou a Tongue thy bliss to own,

My *Muse* had not then made her weakness known;

But since imperfect signs thy thoughts declare,

I dare intrude as thy Interpreter.

Hail

Hail Sacred Princes ! thrice she seems to say,
Whom Instinct makes ev'n senseless things obey ;
Your Royal Barge on my soft Bosom made,
The happy'd wound that Water ever had.
Under whose weight may I for ever live,

But, Oh, that wish, You cannot like, forgive !
Long may You wear that Antient Potent Crown.

Which now, (Great Sir) You're going to put on !
And may Your Sacred, Glorious Scepter stand

For ever firm, and easie in Your Hand !
Your Crown too, (Mighty Queen) long may You wear,

And be as Happy, as You're Good and Fair !
And when You'll (late) be pleas'd to enrich the Skie ;

May some kind Stars exhale me too on high ?

Where (if the Gods so please) may I reside

Your fix'd, and everlasting Pyramide !

In the mean while close by Your Palace side

I will with soft, and constant numbers, Glide.

The common Frowns which Nature bid me wear,

Shall at Your awful Presence disappear.

At that Command, I'll henceforth Ebb and Flow,

And will no Neptune (Sir) no Thetis (Madam) own

[but You.

This Speech being finish'd, she resign'd her care

To the now Honour'd Ground of Westminster ;

Where, lo, the Earth is ready to unfold

That Pomp the Sea too narrow was to hold.

But Cloaths of State o're all the ground being spread,

This doleful Speech the sighing Tellus made.

What have I done (ye Gods) that I must meet

This curst Exclusion from my Sow'reigns Feet ?

Must I sustain more than half Europ's weight,

Without the just return of viewing it ?

But

who ever did these Coverings lay,
 Spoil the greatest Wonder of this day,
 lies now in my wrong'd Bosom lie,
 Be with all her Summer Treasury;
 since delighting on great CÆSAR's Road
 various Sweets to spread her Self abroad.
 Her Head, she had been Proud to meet
 noble Rags from Your Royal Feet.
 And thus, ——— she'd something more to say,
 loud Trumps bore the sound away.

numerous Crouds both far & near were seen,
 the Streets seem'd Pav'd, & houses Tyl'd with Men,
 and with the Fair Sex, appear'd more bright,
 and with hard gazing fed their eager sight,
 sigh'd & wish'd, & did the rest in dreams at night
 ply prest, they did one Mass appear,
 when bright James & his fair Queen drew near,
 mighty Bulk did its own self divide,
 it made a Golden Wall on either side.
 through which they to the Princes Chamber past,
 to take Repose, for Gods themselves must rest.
 having had some short Refection,
 Glorious proper Robes of State put on,
 Ably (now) where Pomp and Triumph waits,
 hold the Royal God-like CANDIDATES?
 after numerous Ceremonies past,
 Oaths, &c. which several hours did last,
 Sacred Heads receiv'd the Imperial Crown,
 CANTERBURY's happy hand set on.
 Man! what bliss hast thou receiv'd this hour?
 what couldst thou wish, or could Heav'd give thee
 more?

The exact

Th'exact Description of the *Cavalade*,
 And the bright Figures every Order made;
 What hands the Scepter, Sword, Staff, Orb did hold;
 Or who *Curtana*, or the *Spurs* did bear;
 Or by what Peers the Crowns supported stood;
 What Favourites next the Presence did resort;
 Or what bright Youths bore up the Royal Host;
 How from the *Temple* to the *Hall* They pass'd;
 (Where waited for them a Stupendous Feast)
 What *Hecatomb* fell Victory to Their Board;
 Or what vast Seas of Wine it did afford;
 And lastly, how with the vast Infinite Train
 They to *White-Hall* (now Crown'd) arriv'd;
 Are *Thames*, that would a mighty Volume fill;
 Nor is't a *Poets*, but the *Heralds* task;
 Besides, it would more charge of time require,
 Then now my niggard Fate is pleas'd to spare;
 But having yet Survey'd the Court alone,
 I now would make the Peoples transports find;
 But I (alass) want Language to express my own;
 Ten thousand Bells in one loud Comfort ring;
 Both *Earth* and *Heaven* it self to Enterprize;
 Sure for this Reason they were rais'd on High,
 That the *Gods* might the better hear this Noise;
 The Pleasant *Musicks* nimble foot steps here,
 Passing Harmoniously from Sphere to Sphere;
 Which now the *Starry Battlements* has found,
 Which *Hark*, reverberates, and multiplies the Sound;
 They Mans Officious and Injurious call,
 Who interpos'd the design'd Miracle.
 For Joy, their useles Rapes away they'd throw,
 And *Musick* on their own accord bestow.

Next, *Loyal Fires* (the *Peoples Offerings*) see!
 Like *Burning Groves* raising their Heads oh high!
 As if this night was destin'd to devour,
 What was design'd for the next *Winter Store*.
 See how it Roars, as if 't had an intent
 To reach the *Stagerytes* Fictitious Element!
 Whilst on *Thames* too they such vast *Fire-works* make,
 That all her Streams seem but one *Flaming Lake*.
 The Frightned *Gods* thinking their *Skies* on Fire,
 For safety to the farthest *Heav'ns* retire:
 They fear'd another Race of *Gyants* rose,
 Who now had *Fire* instead of *Mountains* chose,
 But when Discreeter *Gods* saw the intent,
 Instead of *Thunder* and *Revenge*, they sent
 A *Herald* to proclaim this *Complement*. }

Blest Change! And now the *Heav'nly Powers* rejoyce
 That *England* does approve of their Wise Choice:
 And to its *Throne*, wrong'd *Loyalty* restore,
 Where *Treason* stretch'd its ugly Limbs before.
 Being *Loyal* grown, Your Bliss is now compleat,
 For You before all Blessings had but *That*;
 This day you've Crown'd a *King*, whose *God-like Reign*
 Restores you the *Blest Golden Age* again.

F I N I S .

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